

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

## WESTERN

JUNE

10¢

NO. 38



IN THIS BLAZING ISSUE: **THE SAGA OF THE INDIAN WAR!**



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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



# Rocky Lane

**The INDIAN WAR**

Chapter One: FRIEND OR FOE

AS THE WHITE MEN SLOWLY BUT STEADILY PUSHED WESTWARD, THE NATIVE INDIANS FELT THE RELENTLESS CONstriction ON THEIR WIDE OPEN HUNTING GROUNDS! FINALLY, IN STUBBORN RESISTANCE, THE THREE GREAT INDIAN TRIBES OF THE WEST TOOK A STAND WHICH CAUSED THE UNITED STATES ARMY ENDLESS HARRASSMENT AND WHICH LEADS ROCKY LANE INTO ONE OF HIS MOST EXCITING AND DARING ADVENTURES!

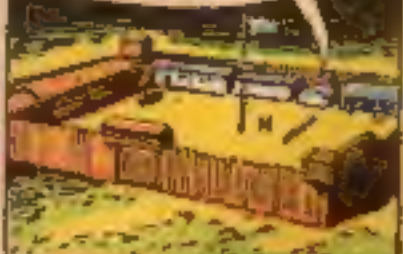
**IN A WESTERN ARMY POST...**

COLONEL, THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT ME TO SEE YOU ABOUT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!

THE ARMY IS FACED WITH A DIFFICULT SITUATION! THE THREE GREAT INDIAN TRIBES, THE CUNANDI, THE WAUKES AND THE POWATIS, HAVE UNITED FOR AN ALL-OUT WAR AGAINST THE WHITE MAN!

YES, ROCKY.

OUR TROOPS ARE DEPLOYED TO SUCCESSFULLY CHECK ANY MOVE MADE BY THE CUNANDI OR THE WAUKES, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE POWATIS, WHO HAVE A SECRET CAMP SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS! THEY ARE A SMALLER TRIBE, BUT THEY ARE VERY CLEVER AND VICIOUSLY DANGEROUS!

























**CASE OF THE CROSSED-UP CAR CROOK**  
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

**DARRYNS SPORTING GOODS**

MY CAR! STOP THIEF!

I'LL RUN TO THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS FOR HELP

AND I'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO THE DRAWBRIDGE. MAYBE WE CAN HEAD HIM OFF!

P-F

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEARER HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT, DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

SURE GLAD JIM WISE TOLD US ABOUT "P-F's"

THANKS, MR. FLYNN, THAT WILL STOP THE STOLEN CAR!

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

THAT WAS MIGHTY FAST ACTION, BOYS!

LUCKY WE WERE WEARING OUR "P-F's"

THEY HELPED US RUN AT OUR BEST ALL THE WAY

**TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!**

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP.

...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN  
...INCREASE ENDURANCE  
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

P-F

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Hood Rubber Company and B.F. Goodrich



# DEE DICKENS

IN *The PROSPECTOR*

I HATE GOLD!  
I DETEST GOLD!  
I DESPISE GOLD!

HEY, DEE DICKENS--  
WHAT ARE YUH  
DOING?

HUCK'S  
GENERAL  
STORE and  
RESTAURANT

I'M **PANNING**  
GOLD.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
BETTER THAN TO ASK YUH  
ANYTHING! YUH CAN NEVER  
GET ANYTHING BUT A  
FOOLISH ANSWER  
FROM A FOOL!

WHO ARE YUH  
CALLING A  
FOOL?

YUH, OF COURSE! I DIDN'T  
THINK THERE WAS ANY  
OTHER FOOL AROUND!

ARE YUH AIMING TO  
HAVE A FIGHT  
WITH ME?

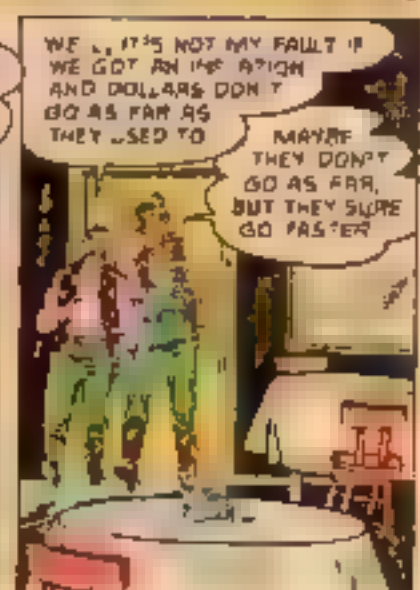
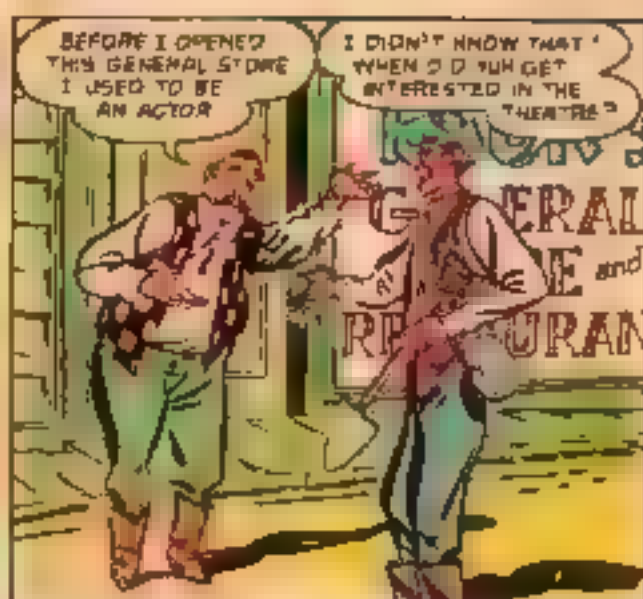
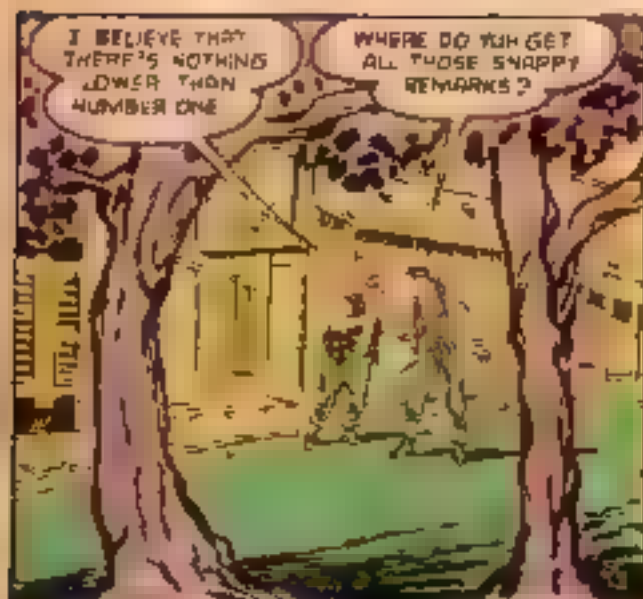
OF COURSE NOT!  
I LIKE PEACE!  
IN FACT...

...I'D LIKE TO  
TAKE YUH APART  
PIECE BY PIECE!

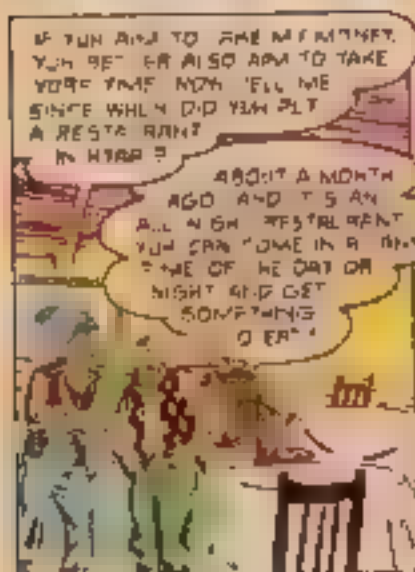
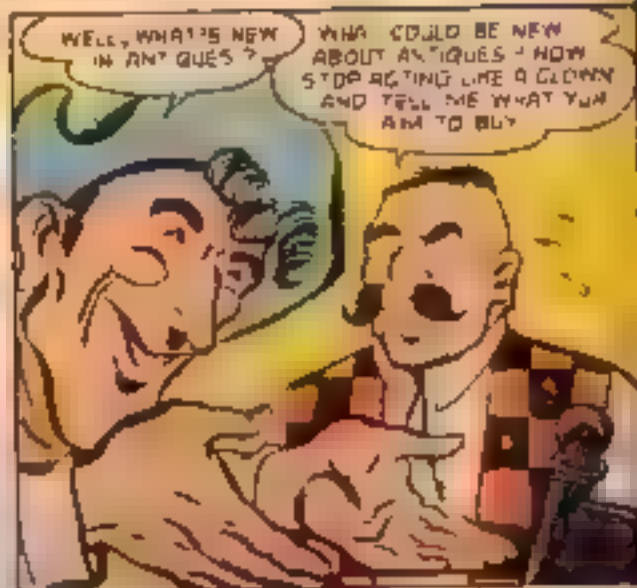
I SHOULD PUNCH YUH IN  
THE NOSE FER THAT, BUT I  
DON'T AIN TO LET YUH GET  
ME RILED UP! AFTER ALL  
I'M THE NUMBER ONE  
GOLD PROSPECTOR  
IN THE WEST!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

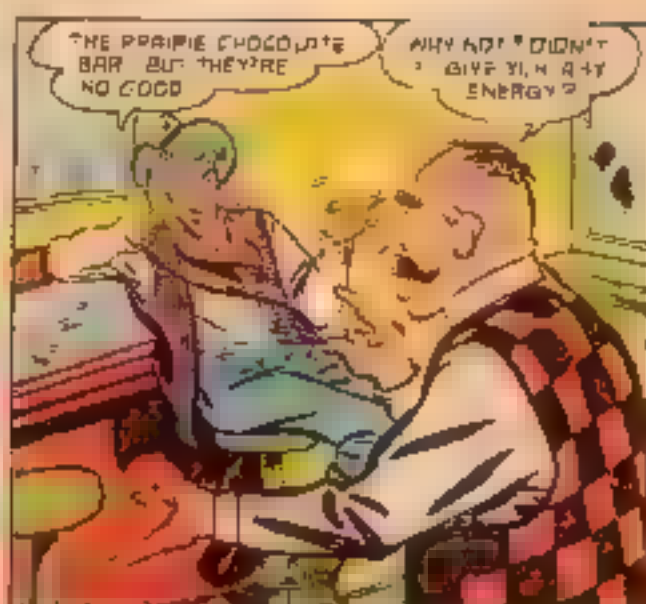








# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# ROPING 'N' RIDING With

# LANE

AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ALLAN ROCKY LANE

BLACK JACK

## Howdy Partners,

IT'S SURE NICE TO KITCH UP AND SAY HOWDY TO OLD FRIENDS AGAIN. LAST WEEK IF YOU RECALL, WE TALKED ABOUT SOME OF THE GAMES THE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS USED TO PLAY. TODAY TO LIKE IT EVEN MORE, SOME OF THE TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS THE INDIAN USED.

A VERY IMPORTANT TOOL TO THE INDIAN WAS THE STONE-HEADED POUNDER. THESE POUNDERS WERE USED TO POUND THE ROAST MEAT OF THE ELK OR BUFFALO INTO HARD TENVATAN WHICH WAS A KIND OF FOOD MADE BY THE INDIANS TO EAT ON LONG JOURNEYS AND KEEP A LONG TIME WITHOUT SPOILING. OFTEN PEWEEES WERE USED TO PULVERIZE BERRIES WHICH WERE ADDED TO THE TENVATAN.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT TOOL WAS THE HIDE SCRAPER, USED FOR SCRAPING CLEAN THE HIDES OF GAME. IT WAS MADE OF A LENGTH OF ANTLER OR WOOD WITH A CURVED TIP TO WHICH AN IRON BLADE WAS ATTACHED. TODAY, WE ARE USED TO OUR KIND OF FLINTS AND SHOOLS. THE EARLY INDIANS BEFORE THE SETTLERS ARRIVED, USED KNIVES MADE OF BONE, SHORT AND STUBBY IN SHAPE, OFTEN WITH ANIMAL FUR AT ONE END. THEY USED SKINS OF BUFFALO HORN FOR EATING WHEN THE LADIES AND DISHES OF SHEEP HORN WERE USED FOR TIPPING, SKIMMING AND GENERAL COOKING PURPOSES.

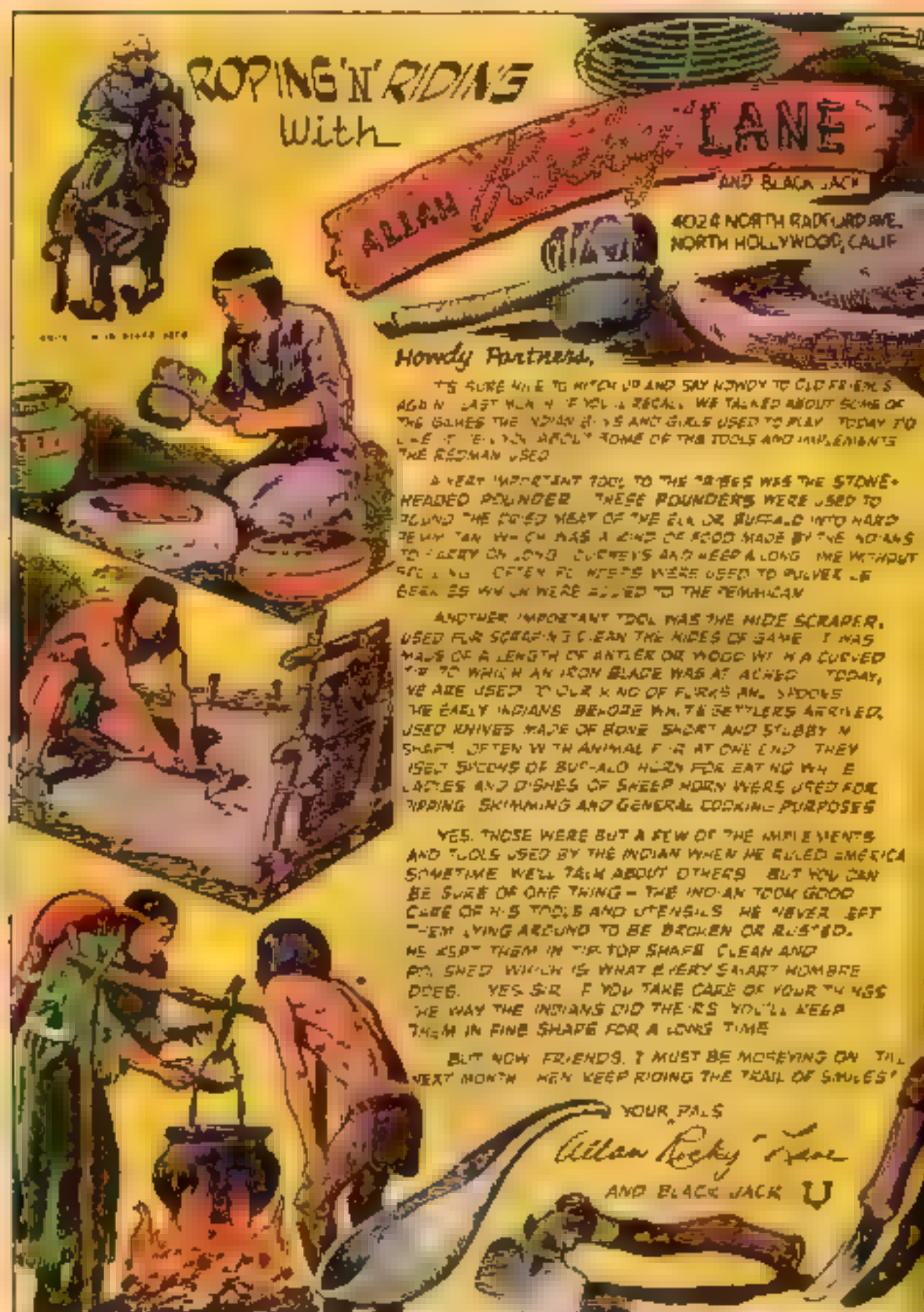
YES, THOSE WERE BUT A FEW OF THE IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS USED BY THE INDIAN WHEN HE RULED AMERICA. SOMETIME WE'LL TALK ABOUT OTHERS, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF ONE THING - THE INDIAN TOOK GOOD CARE OF HIS TOOLS AND UTENSILS. HE NEVER LEFT THEM LYING AROUND TO BE BROKEN OR RUSTED. HE KEPT THEM IN THE TOP SHAPE, CLEAN AND POLISHED WHICH IS WHAT EVERY SMART GUY DOES. YES, SIR, IF YOU TAKE CARE OF YOUR THINGS THE WAY THE INDIANS DID, THEIRS YOU'LL KEEP THEM IN FINE SHAPE FOR A LONG TIME.

BUT NOW FRIENDS, I MUST BE MOVING ON. TILL NEXT MONTH WHEN KEEP RIDING THE TRAIL OF SMILES!

YOUR PAL

*Allan Rocky Lane*

AND BLACK JACK





REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

# Rocky Lane

in

## The INDIAN WAR

Chapter II ... The Escape Plot!

THOSE MEN  
MEAN BIG NEWS.  
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT  
OF HERE BUT  
FRONTO!

AIM!

CLICK!

CLICK!

CLICK!

I'LL DUCK  
BEHIND  
THIS TREE FOR  
THE TIME  
BEING!

FIRE!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

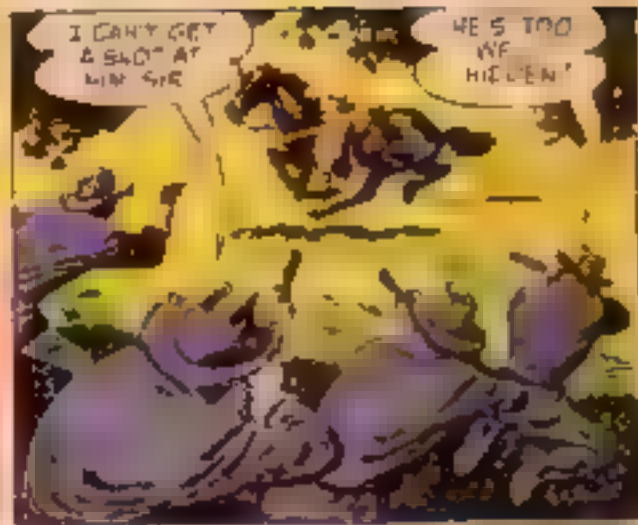
I'M SAFE - FOR THE  
MOMENT! NOW TO  
GET BLACK JACK!

PHWEEEEE!

AFTER THE  
TRAITOR  
MEN.



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



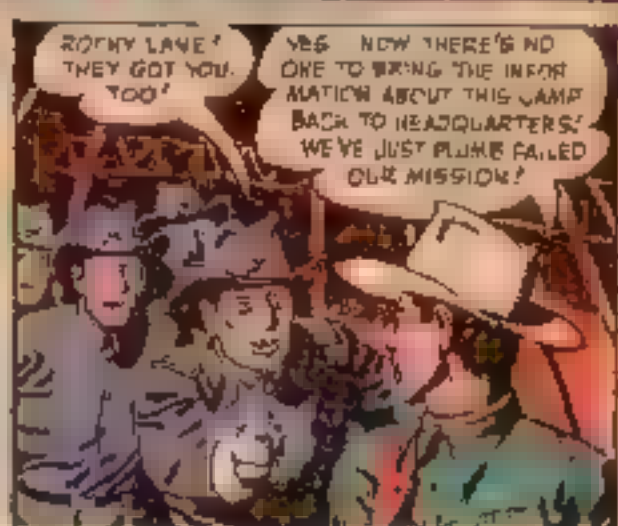
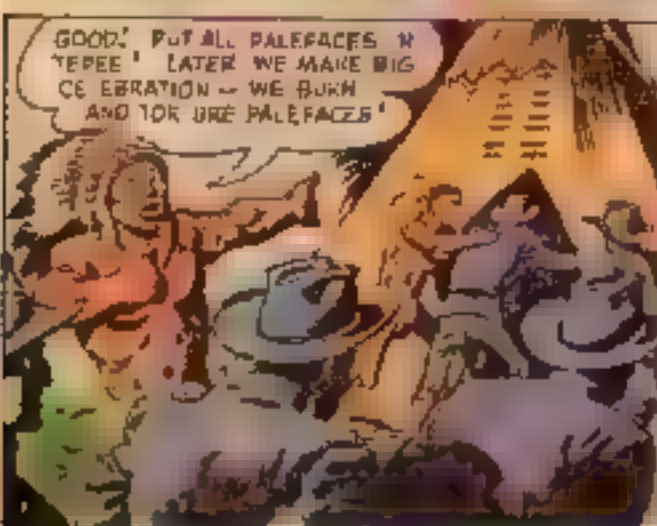
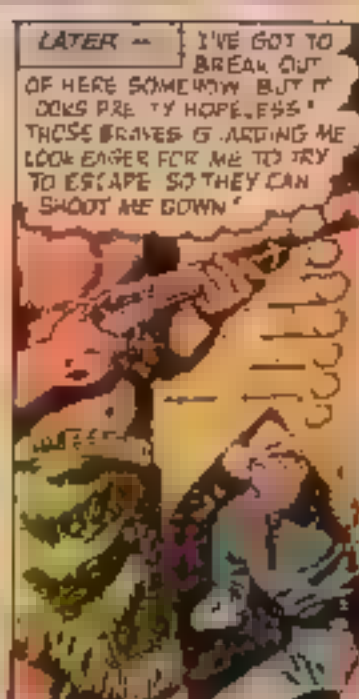


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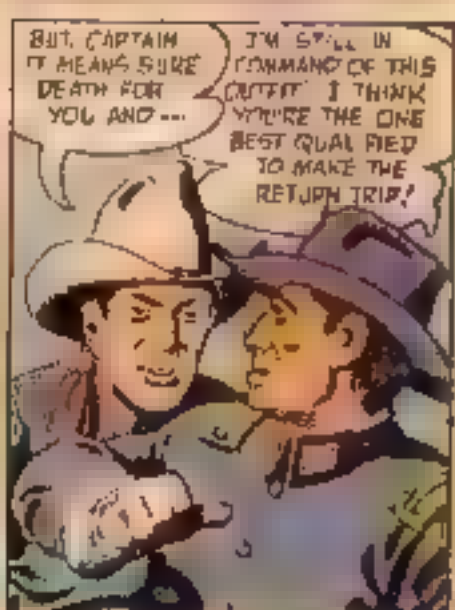
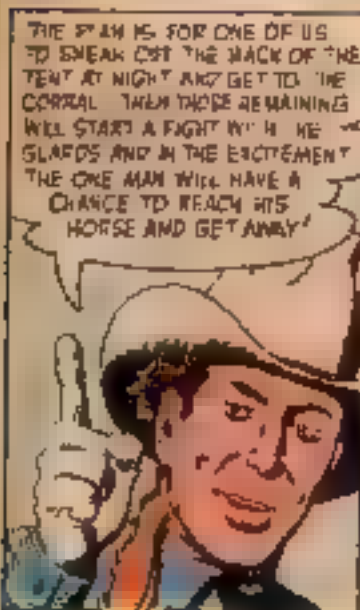
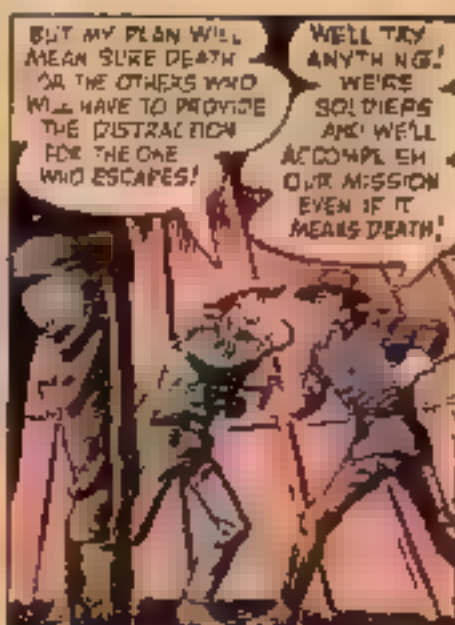


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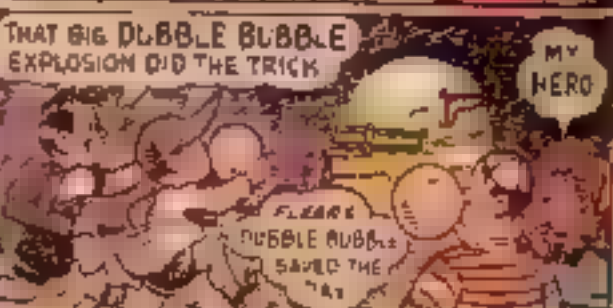
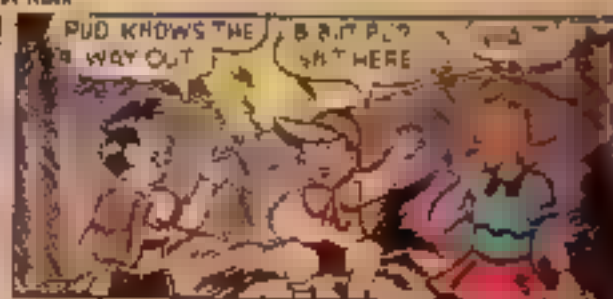
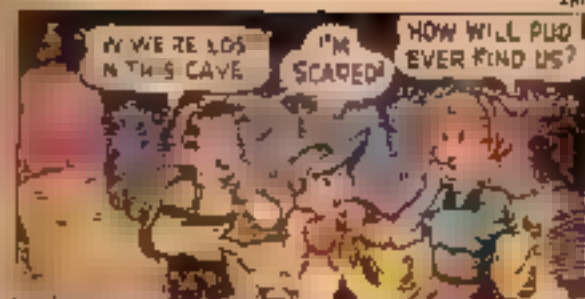
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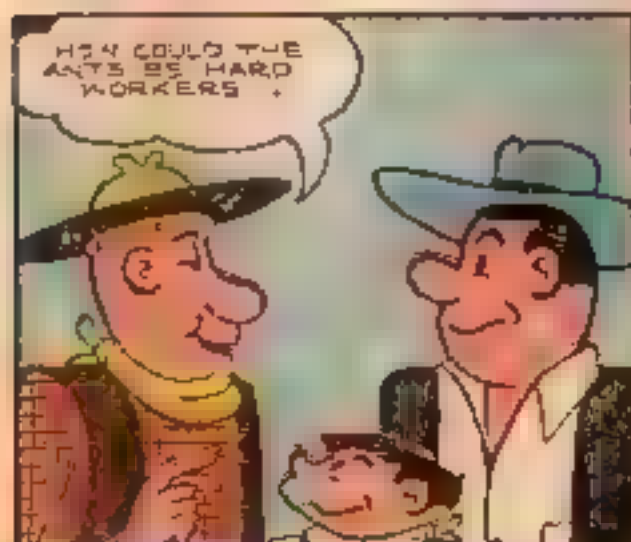
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# WITS AGAINST GUN

By Eando Binder



**B**UFFALO NORTON was a cow-lecher by trade, but a bully by nature. He was the best shot over at the Bar-X ranch, and he never let anybody forget it. Swaggering, laughing, boasting, he could outshoot any ranny in the outfit, in any sort of contest. One of his favorite tricks was to pick a mock fight with one of the waddies, challenge him to a draw and then easily shoot the gun out of his stinging hand. The humiliation, to the victim, was always worse than death could have been. Dead, you wouldn't have to listen to his gleeful roar of laughter.

Buffalo Norton was always happiest when a new cowpoke joined the outfit. He would lick his lips in anticipation. And so it was the day a tall, slim galoot by the name of Sherman Desmond signed up for his virtues.

After he was assigned his bunk, the Buffalo Norton sized him up with a squint. The other men waited, knowing what was coming, feeling sorry for the newcomer.

"Hey, pard," drawled Norton, as Sherman Desmond took a look around outside. "I'm Buffalo Norton and you'll take off yore hat when yuh speak to me, savvy?"

Desmond turned, surprised. "What's that?" he asked.

"Yuh heard me," Norton growled. "Off with yore hat or else."

Desmond's face clouded. "Whim are you to give orders?"

Norton grinned. It always worked. "I gave yuh yore chance," he drawled, taking out his gun, firing, and returning it to his hip in one smooth motion.

The hat spun off the young ranny's head into the dirt. He turned slowly, eyes puzzled.

This was always Norton's big moment, for the insulted man would usually draw at this point, in fury, to save his pride. And laughing, Norton would easily spin his shooting iron away.

But Desmond didn't react the right way. He just stared at Norton blankly, and then grinned. "Having fun, pard?" he said, picking up his hat.

Norton staggered a little. He had never run

up against this situation before. He stared inwardly at the way his joke was backfiring.

"What's the matter?" he mocked. "Yuh white-livered? Haven't yuh got the gumption to draw on me? Man, I insulted yuh!"

"Reckon yuh did," Desmond drawled back. "Why?"

"Why?" Buffalo Norton choked, repeating the unexpected word. "Well, because—uh—"

Because yore looking for a fight, is that it?" Desmond smiled. "But that's plumb silly. I'm not mad at you. Are you mad at me?"

Some of the other boys snickered. It sounded so funny. And the joke was on Norton. He couldn't get his victim to draw. And without Desmond rising to the bait and drawing, Norton was left holding the bag.

Norton's face turned beet red, with purple veins of anger swelling on his neck. "Draw, yuh va—now!" he roared. "You've insulted me, so now I'm gonna count to three and shoot! One—two—"

"What are yuh going to shoot at?" Desmond asked mildly, turning his back to look around casually.

Norton couldn't hold back a strangled "three" and then he stood with his gun in his hand, unable to shoot—not at a man's back. That would be plain murder, not fun.

But murder almost seethed in Norton's heart as a roar of laughter came from the watching cowpokes. "Looks like his tongue can outshoot yure gun, Buffalo!" yelped one ranny in delight.

Norton resembled nothing so much as a raging volcano blowing its top at this point. He would be the laughing-stock of the Bar-X for days to come if he didn't get the other man's goat and make him draw.

Later that afternoon, Desmond was lighting a cigarette, nonchalantly as if totally unaware that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Norton's eyes lighted up. With his blurring motion, he drew and fired!

The cigarette vanished from Desmond's lips, just as he was putting a match to it! Desmond stood rigidly for a moment then nodded his head admiringly.



"Here's a ring, Norton," he said, drawing a silver dollar from his pocket and spinning it in the air. "See if you can hit that dollar in the air."

Automatically, without thinking, Norton shot and knocked the silver centwheel down. In a dead silence Desmond picked it up and handed it to Norton. "Pard, that's mighty slick shooting. Here, you can have the dollar. Reckon you can be a professional shooter. You can bet the fat lady took sick. I'm sure."

Norton stood paralyzed as if he'd taken root like a tree. You could almost see him slowly collapsing inwardly like a pricked balloon.

"Hey Norton," cackled one of the men. "You ought to go be a dentist. Trying to make that waddie pull his gun is worse than pulling teeth. How?"

Norton growled like a wounded bear. In desperation, he shot at Desmond's boots, nicking them. "Dance!" he shouted hoarsely. "Dance, you low-down po-eat!"

But Desmond seemed to have nerves of steel. He merely looked down at the spurts of dirt near his feet, and then looked around quizzically. "But I can't dance without some music, Norton. Maybe if you was to get some of the boys to whip up a right smart tune, I might oblige."

Gun clunk and smok ng. Norton stood there with an idiotic expression, especially when he saw Desmond saunter over to his saddlebag and unhitch a long canvas bag, pulling something out. All the men were bug-eyed now.

"Guns were never rightly my weapon," Desmond drawled. "Learned this from the Indians one time—shooting a bow and arrows."

That was what Desmond had drawn from the canvas bag—a long bow and a quiver of arrows. Desmond cocked his head and an arrow in place. "Somebody toss up a coin," he invited.

The bow went twang, the arrow went whiz, and the coin went spinning. And Desmond had done it all with the careless ease of a gun-slick shooting his iron. Mouths were hanging in silent amazement, including Norton's.

Desmond turned, eyes hard. "You had your turn, Norton? Now it's my turn!"

With the last word, an arrow blurred through the air and took Norton's hat along, into a cloud of dust. "You ain't got a cigarette in your pocket, but you've got a package of

tobacco in your shirt—or you did have

Another arrow's point ripped open Norton's shirt pocket and spilled the tobacco sack into his face.

Norton made a strangled noise like a man hanging at the end of a rope. "And now, Norton," Desmond snapped, "you wanted me to draw before. Well, I'm ready! Bow against gun! Load up your gun and get ready!"

Crawling, recovering his confidence, Norton crouched up and jammed his gun back in his holster. "You mean you gonna outshoot me with that hunk of wood?"

"Sure," challenged Desmond, with arrow poised and bow ready. "Draw pard—any time you're ready."

Dead silence fell, as the two men faced each other, tensely. Suddenly Norton drew like a striking rattler. But Desmond's motion was like the lightning that can catch even the rattler unaware. With a singing hum, the arrow knocked the gun away from Norton, who gave a startled curse.

"Now dance, Norton," drawled Desmond. A flock of arrows zipped at Norton, clapping him sh sh sh, forcing Norton to prance around like a headless chicken.

Five minutes later Buffalo Norton rode away from the Bar X at full gallop and was never seen there again!

"GOD bless 'em!" gasped one cowboy as Desmond put his bow away. "Back-wards, that's some shooting with a bow. But why did you ever take up that Indian weapon—LOOK OUT! .. RATTLER! Behind you, Desmond!"

Rattler! The one word that could make any hombre on the west whip out his gun and shoot, without hesitation. Desmond whirled and pulled his gun—but then he stood there with his face turned, wining, unable to pull the trigger. The other cowpoke shot the side-winder.

"Well, reckon you know my secret now," Desmond said. "And that answers your question, why I took up bow and arrow. Never could stand the noise of them shooting irons."

"Holy horned toads!" gasped the other cowpoke. "If Buffalo Norton only knew! You're GLAD SHY!"

THE END

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

# Rocky Lane

in

## THE INDIAN WAR

CHAPTER 21 -- The Golden Pot Showdown!

SEIZE  
PALEFACE!

STOP  
HIM!

KI! YI!  
KI!  
KI!



TAKENATION I RECKON  
HIS RUNS ANY CHANCE  
I HAD OF GETTING  
AWAY

THROW PALEFACE  
BACK IN PRISON TIE  
ALL UP THEY NO  
ESCAPE NO MORE!

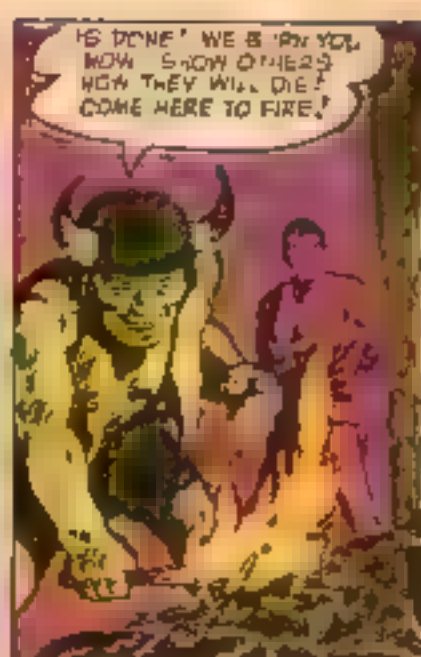




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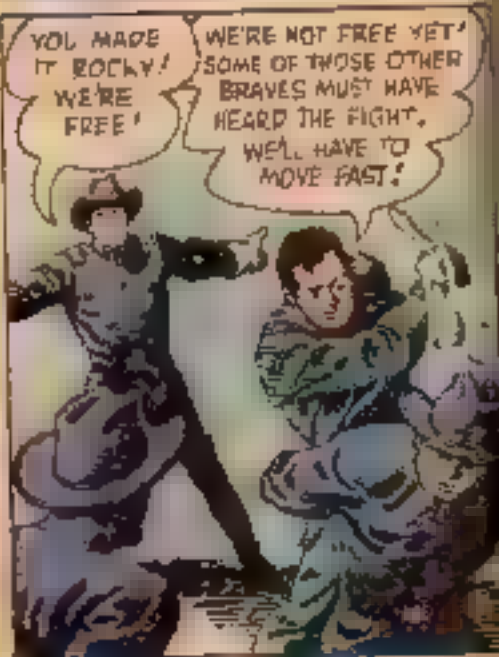
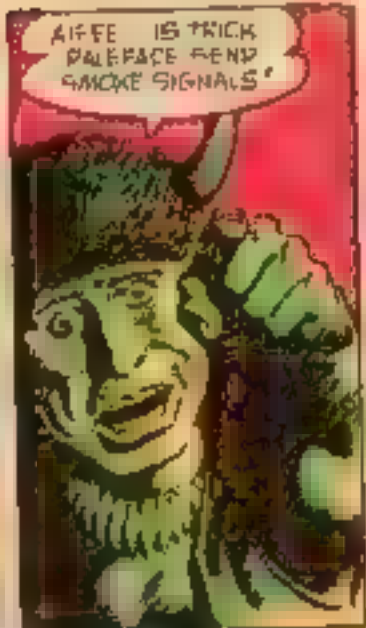


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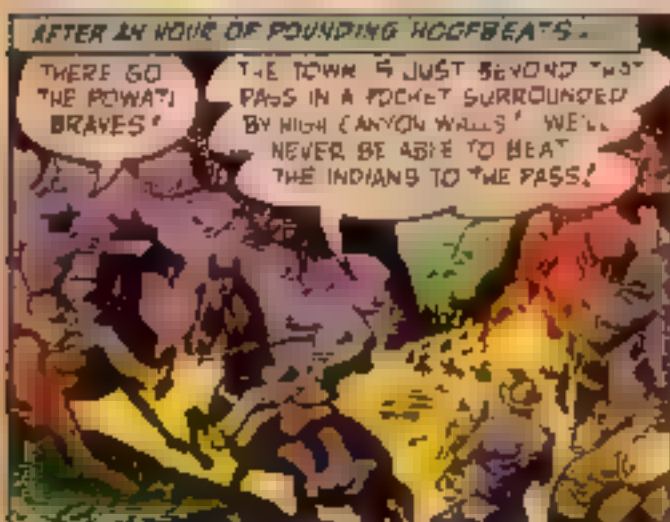




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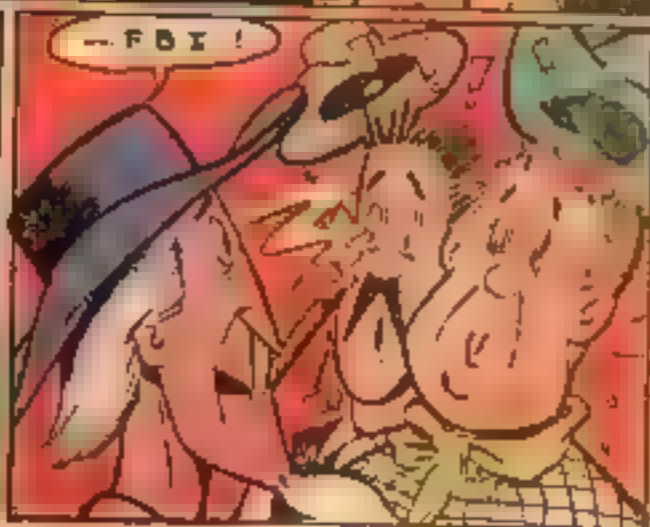




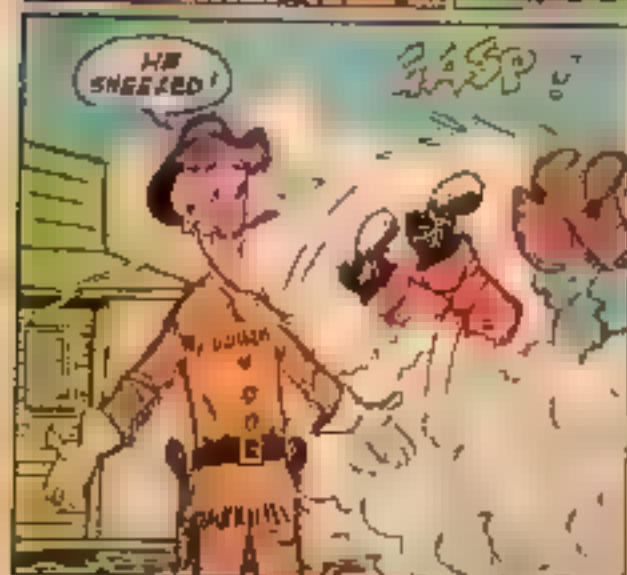
# buffalo bull



# STAR STRUCK















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You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling Daisy shootin' contest starting March 15, 1957, ending May 29, 1957. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and fastest completions of Coolest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBERS' DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carabines, Trophy Cups. Medals provided that they are paid up Junior Members of NRA for 1957 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership fee with their Contest Targets before midnight, May 29, 1957! NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 150). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to win!

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